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THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.

He who, forgetting mankind for a time, may direct his steps to the tracks of nature, will find amid its phases a world of romance which he had scarcely dreamed of, or at most but imperfectly realised, before; not, perhaps, the romance which smirks through sentimental love-tales, or frowns among the horrors of some impossible fiction, but rather that which steals upon us with delightful enchantment from the sunlight streamlet, or the bright green fern-leaf.

Forty days' journey in the desert, there is a lake shut in on all sides by mountains—deep in its waters lived a fairy with silver wings. Once upon a time, there came a traveller, footweary and sad of heart: he rested upon its shores. Struck with the lovely beauty of the spot, he built him a cell, determined to seek in nature what he could not find in men. The fairy watched the stranger—first with curiosity, then with interest, anon with pity, and lastly with love. Withheld from mortal converse, she could only speak with her beautiful eyes; and whenever the stranger looked fondly upon the waters gleaming in the sunshine, her glances were as living gems of light, besporting themselves on the bosom of the lake. Time passed on, and the stranger went his way: disconsolate, the fairy waited long, and watched hopefully. When at length he came not, she left her home, and wandered seeking him; even now, she haunts the lakes and the streams; and when perchance any one looks upon the sunlight waters, as did that stranger, she smiles; and those same flashes of light tell alike of her presence and her story.

And the sunshine on the waters, irrespective of allegory, is a most fairy-like scene. The flashes of light reflected from each ripple, singularly resemble the motion of a flock of sparkling butterflies. It is the same on the clear horsepond or the crag-bound lake. Either will furnish the attentive observer with one of the prettiest touches of the romance of nature.

Were I to dwell upon the romance of cloudland—fickle, strange, beautiful cloudland—I should only repeat in prose what Shelley has described in poetry, as aerial and as richly coloured as his theme. I would rather tell how artists have painted with its varied aspects warm in their memories—how Turner, with unaccountable twirls and sputterings of colour, has fabricated skies and atmospheres, wonderful almost as their originals—how Martin, with the more than mortal landscapes that sometimes smile upon the heavens, ripening in his mind to more than mortal maturity, has revealed touches of lands that might well belong to an unseen world—how

Correggio, in his conception of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, has made clouds in the horizon with crimson night-tints; so sad, so dreary, and yet so natural, that forgetting the intrinsic beauty and romance of the originals, we lose ourselves in wondering admiration of the copyist.

Many a place has acquired a romantic story from the halo which nature, prior to any scene-acting, has cast around it; many a lover's walk, so called, has become one in reality, because it harmonised with the engrossing dual selfishness of the class; many a haunted tree was scathed by lightning and weird with age before the legend was fitted to it. In order to see the steps of a process of this kind, let us take a behind-the-scenes' review of the history of a haunted hollow.

It was originally a gravel-pit, or a marl-pit—or say, if you will, a chalk-pit—dug, as such places are oftentimes, in a plantation of Scotch firs. As time passes on, it is disused: excavating enterprise mines elsewhere; or crotchety landlord, tender on the game-question, finds its working to be inimical to the nerves of the hares or the pheasants around. Water collects at the damp bottom—water looking dark and deep, with fiendish newts and lizards besporting themselves therein. A green cryptogam stains the sides of the pit; while a moss—say some sphagnum—takes root in the lower parts. A fern, too—let it be hartstongue or adder's-tongue—spreads about. Night after night, as evening comes on, the Scotch firs cast solemn shades on the brink above. The place, formerly dreary, begins to look strange in its loneliness: in point of fact, it wears that appearance which men call haunted.

Years pass by. Crotchety landlord is defunct; excavating workmen lie silently in excavations made by other hands. The memory of man eschews notions of a gravel or marl pit; it is a natural hollow, or a Druidical temple, or a Roman fossa, or anything else that may occur to the fancy. Romantic youth, of melodramatic turn of mind, walks that way alone, for trespassing enhances the charm of the stroll—the idea of a terrific game-keeper giving a pleasant fear. He discovers the pit—is struck with its dreariness—thinks it the very place for something tragic—starts as the hares spring frightened away, and in a state of nervous excitement, overtakes communicative rustic. Pouncing upon him, he asks if any one was ever murdered upon the spot—regales him with stories of demons, goblins, and saucer-eyed things—till Hodge or Higgins localises the innumerable horrors in the old marl-pit. Hodge tells the tales to others, with no particular limitations; others deride him, but take good care not to visit the

place by nightfall. Benighted school-boy does go there, hears the shrieks of some wild-cats, or the cry of some lonely owl, and comes home in convulsions. The place gets a name, and anything but a good one. Years pass on—the fir-wood grows more solemn with age—the ferns cover the sides of the hollow—strange lichens make their appearance amid the variegated mosses—Will-o'-the-wisps glimmer there at night. At this stage, Antiquary takes the matter up—fishes out of oblivion the legend of Sir Hildebrand de Nightstalker, and gains a world-wide reputation for his skilful performance of the task. But neither Youth melodramatic, Hodge credulous, nor Antiquary fabricatory, bethinks him that there is more romance in the appearance of the deserted marl-pit, than ever existed in the impossible stories its romantic appearance has won.

There is something, even in the simple flowers which smile upon our plains, that men in olden time, when thoughts were humbler and tastes less fastidious than now, saw and noted with a quiet joy. The mossy village-churches, where lichens have crept, and birds have built their nests, till they seem to us of later days to be as natural as the yew that shades them, or the ivy that clings to their gables—these mossy village-churches are as monuments of the men who carved the trefoil on their stones, or cut their wood into the leafy forms that grew around them—men with the romance of nature deep within their hearts; for in spite of their cataleptic paintings, and their absence of word-making sentimentality, the stone foliage in their chapels, the flowers that decorated their solemn feasts, the yews that shaded their church-yards—sombre, yet ever green—tell a story which no masonry at per foot, and no cemetery shrubbery at per contract, can ever tell, in these days of railways, Rhine-trips, and money-hunting.

Slumbering, as we do, through the noblest hours a lifetime might enjoy, seeing with eyes that are as no eyes, the great drama which nature daily enacts before us, it is not surprising that, rapid and depressed, we seek for some variation in the routine of our existence. There is red tape in private as well as in public life; and we, eloquent upon its evils in the grand departments of our state, forget that it is just as powerful and just as injurious in the little phases of our individual existences.

There are a hundred ways of walking through a wood, and a thousand media of viewing it. Toddy, the sporting gent, sees only nests and game as he creeps cracklingly along. Coowoo visits it with feelings of romance: 'her footsteps have pressed this leafy sod, her ears have heard its warbling nightingale.' Slirkun, too, visits it with feelings of romance, if he did but know it, in the dark night, with his snares, hiding from the gamekeeper. We—in all honesty, it may as well be I—also visit it, and with feelings of romance, but romance of another kind—feeling such as some hypothetical Greek might have felt when he invented the first Dryad.

In the sunshine, when the breeze is freshest and the wood the leafiest, where warbling birds swing on the waving branches, and the lights and shadows dance amid the underwood, or the rugged trunks—at such an hour and such a place one may hold converse with nature; or, in other words, kill time in a very enjoyable manner, while all kinds of delightful fancies are chasing one another through the brain. There is verily enchantment in those playful glimpses of sunny light, as they dart about, or bask for a second around and above you—ever changing, like phantasmagoria. At first, the spell is mild, and they are sunbeams, just like any other sunbeams, with a hundred class-room philosophies grinning through them. The spell works, and they become animated, besporting themselves to the sweet-toned music of the birds; playing at hide-and-seek, chasing each other, and performing who knows how many funny antics. The spell deepens:

there are voices in the wood, other than the humming insect or the chirping sparrow. There is a presence: eyes are looking on you—eyes that at first were nothing but dancing sunbeams: forms seem to float around—forms that whilom were waving shadows. Greeks of old, at such a time, first dreamed of Dryades, for it was not in the haunted hour of twilight that these graceful wood-nymphs first betook them each to its tree—then, imagination might have coined a Satyr or a Faunus. Scandinavians of old, when the sunlight glimmered before their Gothic eyes through leafy trees, bethought them of elves and fairies—fairies with their gem-like beauty and their merry tricks. O yes, I am not the first who has discovered that nature is gloriously romantic in her sunlight woods.

Twilight, that steals insidiously over hamlet and forest, has a strange romance in its dim misty shades. It is the hour when banditti are supposed to assemble, their faces shaded by broad-spreading hats, while, through the branches of adjacent trees, the western sky, with its streaks of dusky red, looms drearily. It is the hour when love and hope look forth upon the shadowy heaven in search of new-born stars. It is the hour when Jinks roams on the Queen's highway, cigar in mouth, and hands in pocket, in deep enjoyment of the quiet and the half-fear which belongs to twilight alone.

I say the half-fear—it is a sensation, nameless, but peculiarly pleasurable—a feeling of solitude, not exactly dreary, nor exactly solemn, but somewhat of both. The trees lose their colour, and stand out dark and well defined against the sky. Already imagination may conjure bushes or tree-stumps into anything it pleases—generally into something anything but pleasing. Already school-boy, becoming more gregarious even than he is wont, walks with his arm round the neck of school-friend—also gregarious—regaling him with the history of some stock-robbery which happened fifty years ago. Already old lady, nervous on the point of damps and night-air, vents experience upon companion, who being juvenile, and romantic withal, lolls upon a sofa, watching the shrubs through the garden window, her brown eyes hidden by the shadow of her delicate eyebrows—for she is a girl of twilight, dreamy, tender, beautiful.

Ay, and there is a romance in twilight; come when it may, and where it may—a romance somewhat sleepy, somewhat tragic. A dyspeptic friend, cunning in his experience of numberless nightmares, tells me he can anticipate the advent of one of these delightful sensations by the twilight dimness observable in his vision; for romantic as an overworked and rebellious stomach will permit him to be, his fancy supplies appropriate accessories to the inconsistent horrors of his dream.

But the reader has doubtless had enough of these interpretations: they come upon him like those poetical truisms which are practical impossibilities. He holds, by his acts, at least, that what is easily obtained, cannot be duly used or appreciated. Hence it is that he shuts his eyes when nature, everyday nature, stands smiling and beautiful before him; and hence it is that the first exotic monster or learned tadpole claims his purse, and heartfelt inspection and consideration; thus, too, he, in a world strikingly pleasing and instructive, drags his lifetime on with joys and sorrows which are in the truest sense commonplace.

And thus it is that Shumneyseyne, bored to death in his pretty little box down in Blanksex, is also bored to death at Rome, up the Rhine, or in the Lake district. He is a somnambulist, who walks and speaks and acts after the manner of his fellows, but who does it all with his eyes shut, and his mind asleep. Morning after morning, the sun rises strangely over his paternal estate; evening after evening, it sets gorgeously, tinting

his ancestral trees with its parting hues; winter after winter, the snow and the frost combine to cover his branches with glittering gems—gems of the first water; yearly as the autumn returns, his fields are golden with harvest; shadowy voices whisper in his plantations as the leaves fall—plantations wonderful in their changing colours; and nightly the stars steal on the deep-blue sky that roofs him over, looking down on this earth with their golden eyes—calm, silent, eternal.

But Shumneyseyne, yawning as the years go by, tired enough of himself, and dying for a new sensation—Shumneyseyne, I say, wots not of it. So he tries his hounds, and he tries his evening-parties—he goes a-hunting, and he goes a-travelling; always despising common things, always searching for novelties, but never to be satisfied.

A word with you, Shumneyseyne!—Try a little common-place occupation, and season your endeavours with somewhat of THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.

POST-OFFICE SHOPS.

WHICH, I ask you, O patriotic British reader, is the wealthier government—that of the Grand Duke of Baden, or that of Her Majesty Queen Victoria? You answer, impartial friend, irately, promptly, strongly—feeling, doubtless, justly indignant at the audacity of the question. I anticipate your reply, and rejoin with a fresh interrogation: How, then, is it, that of the two potentates in question, his Serenity appears to be alone able to provide in every town of his dominions a handsome and commodious post-office, where you may stand and await your audience under shelter, and where you are attended to by an extensive staff of civil clerks, in the smartest and most stylish of scenic military uniforms? Nor is this instance of a sage liberality peculiar to Baden; for go where you will on the continent, from Naples to Ostend, from Lisbon to Vienna, you will everywhere find a well-appointed post-office, furnished with proper officials, all of whom understand their business, and attend to it. Is the Rhine a Pactolus, or are there crown 'diggings' on the banks of the Arno and the Senne, to explain this phenomenon? How else can we account for the fact, that every petty prince who lives by a *rouge-et-noir* table, and takes his toll from *roulette* instead of the civil list, can yet afford to maintain a postal corps whose number and costume throw into the shade that of Great Britain—of Britain whose fleets whiten the sea, and whose colonies are planted in each hemisphere! Nor is it the *groszhertzogs* of Germany, and the petty princes of Italy alone, who can contrive to maintain a battalion of clerks and letter-carriers, and to build fine stone-palaces for the reception of their subjects' correspondence: even poor little Switzerland manages to erect, in every town of tolerable size, a *poste aux lettres* of ample proportions, frequently adorned with an imposing row of pillars, and approached by a lofty flight of granite steps, and always well supplied with brisk clerks, in sable coats, or wearing the blue and red livery of the Republic.

Let us change the scene, and drop down in a quiet market-town, or a bustling seaport of our own pen-and-ink-loving island. Which shall we choose of all the hundred burghs that offer themselves for our inspection? Not wishing to make an invidious selection, we will pitch upon our own town, which we will call Mailbridge, and which enjoys a very fair share of postal accommodation. Let us drop down in the High Street of Mailbridge, and inquire the way to the post-office. We are guided to that institution, and discover it to be identical with what the Yankees call the dry-goods' store. 'Pluckley, Draper and Hosier,' is inscribed over the door in huge letters, which throw the little V. R., and the words 'Post-

office,' visible on the black shutter that replaces a pane of one of the windows, completely into the shade. A few printed forms, a few notices, signed by Colonel Maberly, and embellished with the lion and unicorn of Britain, are hung up behind the dim glass of the shop-front, half concealed by lambs-wool stockings, knitted habiliments for a baby's wardrobe, and gouty-looking rolls of flannel. Is it possible, we ask ourselves with indignant wonder, that the British government can afford no better establishment than this—can devise no plan but that of bribing Mr Pluckley to divide his allegiance between the public business and the sale of his own calico and druggery? 'What a wretched, miserable, contemptible place must Mailbridge be!' you exclaim. Don't be so hasty in your criticism, my good friend. We are no worse off than our neighbours. At Castlebury, four miles off, the postmaster is a butcher; and if you want to lay in a stock of stamps, or to obtain a money-order, you must stand in the centre of a grove of raw meat, pendent from hooks in the ceiling; and if you remonstrate with the guardian genius of the spot for allowing you to wait for an unreasonable time among dangling sheep and gory quarters of beef, Mr Bings will probably rejoin, that the twenty pounds a year he gets from government does not make it worth his while to neglect his business for the sake of folks with letters; that 'it hardly pays his trouble, so it don't; and that he *du* think he shall resign his office, so he *du*.' And at Elderton, six miles on the other side of us, the postmistress keeps a bookseller's shop, which certainly seems more appropriate than a butcher's for the reception of letters; but when we consider that the old lady is stone-deaf and half-blind, and that her grandson, who sorts the correspondence, is as careless and mischievous an urchin as ever robbed an orchard, why, the chances are that the Elderton people must envy us our Pluckley, who is a good old fellow in his way.

But we are tired of rapping at this obdurate shutter, where nobody attends to us. Let us enter the shop. Mrs Pluckley is higgling with a market-woman for eggs; her husband is measuring out several yards of red ribbon for a round-eyed servant-girl; and the assistant is spreading out rolls of flannel for the approval of another purchaser, an old woman with a covered basket and list-shoes. There—Mr Pluckley has snipped the ribbon, and sweeps the girl's money into the till. He takes us for customers, and comes up smirking. What can Mr Pluckley have the honour of shewing us? We want some stamps, we say. Oh, is that all?—only post-office business. Mr Pluckley looks disappointed; Mrs Pluckley tosses her head; even the 'young man' looks huffed with us for coming on so unprofitable an errand. The stamps are produced, however, and paid for. Now, do we want anything? 'Yes,' we reply; 'we want to know what is the postage of a book to India, and of a letter to Scutari.' There ensues an awful amount of turmoil and confusion. Mr Pluckley settles his old spectacles on his older nose, and tosses over numberless stockings and other gear, in searching for the mislaid forms and tariffs, grumbling audibly the while; and Mrs Pluckley favours us with a succession of expressive sniffs and glances, which shew us plainly enough what *her* opinion of us is for giving so much trouble. Poor old Pluckley is quite bewildered. He goes on diving into the most recondite drawers, and dragging into the light of day the most wonderful collections of snippings of calico, and odds-and-ends of baize and flannel. Still the desired papers are not forthcoming; and the gentle spouse of the postmaster grows more and more impatient—not with her husband for his slowness and negligence, but with us for our annoying pertinacity. The shop-bell tinkles, and several customers, most of them with a full complement of pattens, clogs, covered

baskets, and dropsical umbrellas, enter the emporium. The fair solace of Pluckley's life is harassed by having so many to serve; the assistant skips about like a commercial Harlequin; and Mrs Pluckley calls in a shrill voice upon her husband, to abandon us to our fate, and come and wait upon his patrons. Pluckley seems disposed to obey the call. He mutters that the papers he is seeking for must be lost—or perhaps they never were sent down to him—or very possibly no documents of the kind are extant; and gives signs of shuffling off to his yard-measure and his familiar shears, and sinking the official in the hosiery.

But we are firm, and not to be put off. We are convinced that it is the duty of Her Majesty's postmasters to give needful information respecting postal charges to the public, and we impart our sentiments on the subject to Mr Pluckley. Mrs Pluckley bursts into a little tittering laugh, and makes some perfectly audible remarks upon the abstract quality of *imperance*. But Pluckley, as we have before said, is an honest man; and though he does most grudgingly the duty for which he is paid by government, yet still he performs it after his fashion. He goes on hunting for the lost papers, growing parenthetically, and casting longing glances at his till and yard-measure. Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy, was nothing to Pluckley between Conscience and Acquisitiveness. But though the tradesman wavers, the postmaster stands fast. The old man goes on sighing and searching, rooting among the sheeting and stockings like a pig among dead-leaves. Meanwhile, Mrs Pluckley perseveres in harassing us by various remarks of a satirical and hostile character; sometimes addressed in a stage-whisper to a confidential customer; sometimes taking the form of soliloquy, but invariably referring to the demerits and audacity of 'some people.' Pluckley's purple face grows yet more purple with stooping. He never had such trouble, he says, 'in twenty year, since he first took and kep the Post.' I know he feels tempted at this instant to set us at defiance; resign office and salary; hurl the mailbags, stamps, and 'letters to be left till called for,' at our devoted heads; tear down the V.R. and the placards; and announce himself a free and independent haberdasher. But luckily this catastrophe is averted by the discovery of the printed forms, crumpled and musty, lying under a heap of hosiery. Pluckley puts them close to his spectacles, and spells over the words as well as his purblind old eyes permit. 'A book to the West Ingees costs so much. It isn't the West Ingees? Then, why did we say it was? We didn't say it was? Yes, we did! Well, then, a book to the East Ingees costs a shilling; so now we know! What was the name of t'other outlandish place? Wheer?—say it agin! Scutari? What do we mean by that? Oh, that was it!—we meant Scutairey, did we? Then why couldn't we speak plain? What did we say Scuttery for, when we meant Scutairey? That was all we wanted to know? Was it? We were sattersfied? and a good job too!'

It will be evident, from the tone of these remarks, that worthy Mr Pluckley had worked himself into a passion, and felt seriously aggrieved because he had mislaid the tariffs of his office, and because we had asked a question which any post-clerk in Nassau or Tuscany, or indeed anywhere abroad, would have answered with perfect promptitude and civility. And considering that Mrs Pluckley had been for several minutes engaged in launching the shafts of satire at us, and had held us up to the contumely and disparaging observation of her customers, it will be plain that our position during the above search and colloquy was anything but agreeable. Mrs Pluckley levels a parting shot at us as we leave the shop, by asking, with sarcastic emphasis, whether we want any article *now*; and we retire amidst the laughter, and burdened by the contempt, of that lady and her allies. Why, O

why, should Great Britain be unable to provide for her country-towns more urbane and business-like officials than old Pluckley, more creditable and better-appointed buildings than Our Post-office?

THE MODERN YOUTH-CONSUMER.

You shudder, reader, even knowing it to be a myth, when you read of the Athenians having at one time to send periodically to Crete a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens, the flower of their city, to be there devoured by the monster Minotaur. You fancy, perhaps, that mirth and enjoyment were at an end in Attica; that the dread of where the coming lot might fall, hung at all times like a gloomy cloud over the devoted city, extinguishing every joyous feeling. No such thing! Happily, men and women are largely endowed with *insouciance*—the faculty of cultivating their vines on grumbling volcances, and taking their supper under all sorts of Damocles' swords; and though we are not expressly told so, we have no doubt that the Athenians managed at most times to banish all thought of their situation, and danced and sang, feasted and married, much as usual. It is reasonable to infer this, because we ourselves contrive to be moderately jolly under far sadder circumstances; we, a much less joyous and enjoying people, who have daily to feed the maw of a monster, compared with whom the Minotaur was a minnow to a shark. The two agree, it is true, in taste: the modern Minotaur, like the ancient, is a 'delicate monster,' and will have youths and maidens as his chief fare. But what was fourteen now and then from the population of Athens, to the multitude of victims now demanded yearly from every civilised community?

The modern youth-devourer is Consumption, or Scrofula—the same disease, under an alias. This fell malady, at the lowest estimate, cuts off prematurely a sixth-part of the human race; and it is said that 90 millions of the present inhabitants of the globe are marked to be its victims. Its havoc is greatest where civilisation is highest; and in our own country it causes, according to Sir James Clark, one-third of the whole mortality; in addition to which, it weakens and deforms multitudes whom it lets live. Verily, truth is more terrible than fiction. What were the direst Hydras and Chimeras to this! We do not know a more striking illustration of the power of custom to reconcile men to any situation, than the amount of happiness which we can still snatch from life in presence of this devouring fate. And as if the actual evil had not been great enough, imagination has furnished additional terrors, and has invested consumption with a character of *necessary* fatality. The monster, besides being cruel and voracious, has been pronounced invincible and immortal. To do battle with him, or dispute his claim to a victim, has been held to be hopeless—nay, impious. If the mark of the beast is once seen, or fancied to be seen on any one, his friends speak of him in a whisper, as one inevitably doomed to early sacrifice, and only think of smoothing his way to the tomb.

This is no exaggerated picture of our situation; it is the sober, sad reality: so sad, that were it to continue as hopeless and helpless as it has heretofore been, perhaps the less said about it the better. If we call attention to this appalling thralldom, it is to spread, wider than it has yet reached, the good news that it is broken, or at least breakable. Recent researches have laid open the nature of this fell disease, so that those best entitled to judge now pronounce it to be among the most manageable maladies that the human frame is liable to, and that if we henceforth submit to its ravages, it will be our own fault.

If this is true, it is indeed glad tidings, deserving to be proclaimed from all house-tops. It has attracted

far less attention, we think, than it deserves. The knowledge of the facts on which these high hopes are founded, is too much confined to professional men. If the good news is to prove true, it must be by being spread, believed, and acted upon; and we presume so far to act as evangelists in the cause, as to invite all who will listen to us to examine and see if these things be so.

The demonstrations of the true nature and curability of consumption contained in the works of Lænnec, Louis, Professor Bennet of Edinburgh, and other scientific explorers in this field, are addressed to the medical profession; and among them—at least those of them who keep up with the progress of discovery—the new views may be considered as known and received. Nor have there been wanting works on the subject, addressed to the public at large. Among others, Sir James Clark, twenty years ago, and before the grounds of hope were so fully known as now, earnestly called the attention of the British public to the extent of this evil, and what might be done to remedy it. But a long-rooted belief is not so easily shaken. Our Giant Despair, like Bunyan's, has as many lives as a cat; and it will require the assaults of many Great Hearts to bring him fairly to his knees, so is he incased in his panoply of fancied invincibility. Accordingly, here is the second edition of a more recent work* on this class of maladies, addressed both to the profession and to the educated part of the community generally. Besides a full and elaborate exposition of the results of recent researches, the book professes to throw additional light on the nature of consumptive diseases, and the way in which they are to be cured. Previous writers had traced the evil up to imperfect elaboration of the food, and defective nutrition. Dr Balbirnie thinks he has detected 'that specific deviation in the nutritive processes which is the most salient morbid phenomenon of tubercular disease.' On the point of the curability of the disease, again, this book takes a higher tone of hopefulness than anything we happen to have read on the subject, and maintains that 'when active exercise of the lungs and limbs can be taken, the worst cases are curable, or at least capable of indefinite arrest.' We cannot, as laymen, pretend to judge of the merit of Dr Balbirnie's special theories or modes of treatment, though we think them well deserving of consideration. But his book has an interest independent of these. We notice it simply as being among the most recent on an intensely interesting subject, and written by a man of science, who evidently knows the subject theoretically and practically.

Lest any of our readers should take up the notion, that this is only another case of 'wonderful cures,' effected in some specific and mystical way, and so dismiss the matter without more ado, we will attempt to sketch shortly what consumption actually is, and the leading features of the new mode of treatment, that they may see that this does not look like quackery, but deserves to be examined and tried.

Consumption, or pulmonary phthisis, and scrofula in its various forms, are now known to be only different forms of the same disease: they are only, in fact, local symptoms of a disorder affecting the constitution generally. This constitutional 'taint,' or predisposition to actual consumption and scrofula, goes by the various names of tubercular disease, tuberculosis, scrofulous or strumous constitution, &c. Its origin and causes will be noticed afterwards: we are now concerned with its appearances and results. It is specially seated in the blood, and may be described generally as consisting in a *low vitality* of that fluid. More minutely examined, the blood of a tuberculous

person is found to be thin and watery; it is deficient in red globules, and the clot is less in quantity than in a healthy person. But as the solid parts of the body are formed from and nourished by the fluids, the whole frame, even to the outward aspect and physiognomy, is secondarily affected, especially when the taint is hereditary, as in the majority of cases it is. This is indicated in the current expressions—'a consumptive look,' 'a scrofulous appearance,' &c. Thin, feeble blood builds scanty and flabby flesh, weak and relaxed blood-vessels, and a whole frame deficient, generally in symmetry, always in tone and energy.

All this exists, and may be recognised, before there is any appearance of what is usually understood as consumption or scrofula. These local diseases are only the fruits of this the root-disease. To understand how these fruits grow out of it, it is necessary to advert to the process of *nutrition*; for it is in the performance of this function that tuberculous blood gives rise to actual tubercle in the lungs and elsewhere.

The blood, as everybody knows, consists of two parts: of a multitude of red corpuscles, floating in a clear fluid—the *liquor sanguinis*. Now, the walls of the minute blood-vessels called capillaries, which are spread through every tissue of the body, are thin enough to allow more or less of this liquid part of the blood to exude or filter through, the red corpuscles being retained. This exuded substance is the *plasma*, from which the tissues derive their nourishment, by assimilating it to themselves. In contact with muscle or membrane, part of the plasma becomes muscle or membrane: only part, observe; the rest is incapable of becoming solid or organised, and, in health, is absorbed by a set of vessels provided for the purpose, and carried again into the current. The difference between these two parts of the plasma is seen when a portion of it, or of blood, is taken out of the body. A part collects into a clot, formed of threads or fibres; hence it is called *fibrine*. It is, in fact, vital liquid flesh, with a tendency to grow into solid organised tissue. The other part, though it consists of the same chemical elements, has no such tendency—it does not clot, but remains granular; it is raw, unspun, unorganisable material.

Now, in some blood, there is a much larger proportion of fibrine or plastic substance than in other; and we need hardly state, that, in the one case, the flesh and other solid parts will be well nourished; in the other, ill. Tuberculous blood is markedly deficient in fibrine; and hence such persons are emaciated, even when they eat well—in the homely phrase, 'they put their meat into an ill skin.'

Let us now see what takes place when the circulation is deranged. When an excess of blood flows to any part, from inflammation or other cause, there is an excess of exudation. If the blood is good, little harm results; the whole may be absorbed again and removed, or perhaps the fibrine goes to form additional tissue, thickening the parts; still it is *live* tissue that is formed. But the case is different with scrofulous blood. In the scrofulous constitution, the blood-vessels, like all the other tissues, being weak and easily distended, particular organs, such as the lungs and glands, are apt to become congested or gorged with blood; and the excessive thinness of their walls allows the liquid part of it to be poured out copiously. But this being unhealthy and aplastic, does not fibrillate or form tissue; the little life it had soon ceases, now that it is out of the vital current, and it remains a dead, foreign deposit among the living parts. Such is the origin and nature of *tubercle*—so called because it forms little *tubers* or swellings. These deposits may be formed in any organ of the body. In childhood, they occur mostly in the glands of the neck and elsewhere, constituting scrofula. After puberty, the chief seat of tubercle is the lungs, where it fills up the air-cells, and where it proves most fatal. It at first hardens

* *The Water-cure in Consumption; a Demonstration of its Curability.* By John Balbirnie, M.A., M.D. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1855.

and concretes, but afterwards it generally softens and suppurates, and in its own destruction involves that of the part of the lung in which it is imbedded. This is pulmonary consumption or phthisis, as usually understood.

We have thus seen that tubercle is directly caused by a deficiency of fibrine in the blood; but what causes the fibrine to be deficient? This leads us to look to the material supplied by the digested food—the *chyle*, namely, before it enters the blood. When that is first taken up by the lacteals, it is granular, with no tendency to coagulate; but soon traces of fibrine begin to be seen in it, and this transformation is accompanied by the appearance of multitudes of those important vital agents called *cells*. Cells are little transparent sacks containing fluid and a solid nucleus, and endowed with a kind of separate vitality. They are short lived; they spring up, imbibe fluid, burst, and give rise to a new race. Everything distinctively vital is found to be effected by them, and it is clearly they that convert the raw albumen of the chyle into vital fibrine. They spin the warp and weft of organic tissue. Here, again, the low vitality of the tuberculous constitution shews itself; it is deficient in cell-action. The crop is scanty, the cells are ill formed, or the nuclei prove abortive and never develop. This is a step at least in accounting for the deficiency of fibrine; we must still ask: Why are the cells deficient?

We look again to the chyle, which is the soil that the cells grow in; perhaps the fault may be in its composition. The basis of chyle, in the normal state, is a multitude of molecules or minute particles, each of which is found to consist of a particle of oil or fat surrounded by a film of albumen—the substance that composes the white of egg. Chyle is, in fact, an *emulsion*, such as may be formed mechanically by rubbing up together a quantity of oil and albumen. The nuclei of cells are composed of an agglomeration of these oleo-albuminous particles; and it is reasonably inferred, that cells can be produced only when oil and albumen are both present in the chyle, and, moreover, properly emulsified. The necessity of oil is indicated by the fact, that though fat of any kind may have been altogether wanting in the food, oil is always found in the chyle, being produced by the process of digestion from the starch and saccharine ingredients of the food. Now, it seems pretty well ascertained that the chyle in tuberculous subjects is faulty in this respect. It is deficient in the *fatty element*, and contains albumen in excess; or if fat is present, it is degraded fat—the *cholesterine* of the chemist.

This at once throws light on the previously known fact of the efficacy of cod-liver oil, and of fats in general, whether administered internally or externally, in cases of consumption and scrofula. It is now clear *how* they act; and thus what was once a piece of blind empiricism, has become one of the few instances of really rational medical practice. Oil is a necessary ingredient in the chyle; the organism cannot in certain states make it for itself; art, therefore, supplies it ready made. It is as *food*, then, not as *medicine*, that oil acts, and the iodine theory is exploded.

But we are not yet at the end of our string of whys. Why are the oil and albumen in the chyle not in the same proportion in all cases if the food is the same? Here authorities differ somewhat. Professor Bennet and others look to deranged digestion as the source of the error. Dr Balbirnie, while admitting the importance of this, suggests another cause. He points to the narrow chest, slow circulation, and scanty red globules of tuberculous subjects, as combining to produce a deficiency of oxygen in the blood; and as this is the primary necessity of the animal organism, he infers, that to supply the deficiency, the raw materials of nutrition—the oil and albumen—are robbed of their oxygen, and thus spoiled for further use. No cells,

and consequently no fibrine, or plastic blood, can be formed of such degraded materials; and it is this deoxidated fat and albumen that he holds to be the real matter of tubercle. Dr Balbirnie calls upon chemists to test this pregnant suggestion of his; and to them we leave it.

Now comes the consideration of cure. The error of the tuberculous constitution has been traced up to a point where it can be directly acted upon. From some fault in the working of the machinery, the constitution of the chyle is faulty. Either the digestive apparatus does not do its duty, or defective airing of the blood makes the chyle be spoiled after it is produced, or both. In any case, the error can be helped. The digestion, it is well known, can in many ways be rectified and invigorated; and the airing of the blood can be helped by keeping the lungs and limbs in constant play. These two points indicate the general aim of the new mode of treatment. It is to invigorate the digestive and blood-purifying functions so as to produce plastic blood. It is the constitutional taint that is now chiefly looked to, and not the diseased lung or the scrofulous sore, as heretofore. Hence the means are not drugs, but diet—air, exercise, and rich nourishing food. Dr Balbirnie, as was to be expected, lays special and primary stress on exercise and air. Shutting up patients in close rooms, and keeping the lungs inactive for fear of exciting inflammation, has, in his view, been the fatal error.

With regard to water-cure in this malady, even those who speak slightly of it in other respects, admit its efficacy in digestive disorders; nor can its stimulating and bracing effects on the skin and other excretory organs be denied. In a disease, then, where good digestion and blood-purifying are the grand desiderata, there is a presumption, even before trial, that water will prove a powerful agent. For proofs that it does so, we must refer to Dr Balbirnie's book, which, in addition to a long list of authenticated cases of cure in all stages of the malady, contains some striking instances of his own experience. Better still, let the reader go to Bridge of Allan, and observe, for a time, the progress of Dr Balbirnie's patients; or, if he needs it, put himself under the treatment. Examine and try. For our own part, we have no doubt that a month's observation and experience at Bridge of Allan, or in Dr Lane's hydropathic establishment in the classic seclusion of Moor Park, Farnham, or in any of the temples of hygiene where water-cure is pursued on physiological principles, if it do not make him a convert to water-cure, will at least send him home with a deeper conviction than he ever had before, *how much our health is in our own hands*.

It may not unnaturally be asked, why, if consumptive diseases are so manageable, they should have so long been held necessarily fatal? For all answer, we point to the long-established treatment as described by Professor Bennet. 'It has, on the whole, been antiphlogistic, to combat supposed inflammation. It consisted of antimonials, cough mixtures, and opiates, leeches applied frequently to the chest, and, occasionally, general bleeding; sulphuric acid, astringents, counter-irritants, &c. As diet, milk and farinaceous food were the rule, and meat the exception.'

We need not wonder, then, that doctors could not cure consumption—they actually, in this case, killed; and what their art could not cure, was pronounced, of course, incurable. Cures, indeed, have never been infrequent, but chiefly spontaneous—when nature, by happy accident, and in despite of medical rules, was placed in unusually favourable circumstances. But when a cure did occur, the dogma of incurability was saved by maintaining that the patient could not have had real tubercular consumption, but only something like it. This subterfuge was put an end to by post-mortem examinations. The evidence is beyond dispute,

that multitudes who die from other causes, and who have been for long previous to their death in fair health, must have had at one time extensive tubercular disease; the cavities in the lungs are found puckered and healed, or the dead tubercle enclosed in gristly cista, and rendered harmless.

It was by observing the conditions under which such spontaneous cures were wrought by nature, and imitating them, that a style of treatment was originated the very opposite of the old, and which has substituted hope for despair.

After all, though it is a grand thing to be able to tell the victims of this disease never to despair, it is a still grander hope that the constitutional malady may be nipped in the bud, and tubercle prevented from ever forming. All authorities agree on the comparative ease of this task; and they hold out the hope, not merely that a person with an original tendency to consumption shall be able to rub on to the end of man's usual span of life with whole lungs, but that judicious measures, early begun, and systematically pursued, will eventually eradicate the constitutional taint itself.

It is this prospect of *permanent and self-sustaining* improvement that we look to as the brightest feature of the whole matter. If, in order to keep consumption in arrest, there were no prospect for the patient but the use of cod-liver oil to the end of his days, or the keeping up a system of forced exercise and regimen inconsistent with the common ends and enjoyments of life, it might be doubted whether the object were worth the price. But the theory of hygienic cure is more inviting. Cod-liver oil is a temporary resource to gain time and strength until the system can be trained to elaborate oil for itself. The patient, again, is induced for a time to give up all other pursuits, and make a business of helping his organs to make good blood; he is encouraged to practise frequently long inspirations; to climb hills till he pant again; to quicken the circulation of his blood by keeping constantly in motion in the open air; and to submit to ablutions and frictions innumerable, to make his capillaries do their duty. This he is incited to sustain for weeks and months with the hope that if, with this mechanical aid, his blood can be kept in an improved condition for a length of time, the solid organs themselves, by means of the constant waste and removal that is everywhere going on, will at last be completely renewed—the old tissues removed, and tissues, built up from the better blood, put in their stead; so that he will be literally a new man, with a frame of improved texture and tone, which in its turn will elaborate better blood of itself, or at least with a diminishing amount of artificial assistance. Such appears to us to be the rationale of the hygienic method of renovating the constitution; and if the reader does not see the difference between it and the proposal to charm disease out of the system by 'metallic tractors,' or eject it from the blood by so many boxes of Morrison's pills, or by any drugs whatever, he or she is not the person we have been writing for.

Whence come scrofulous constitutions? Are they on the increase? or is there any prospect of the race getting altogether rid of the pest? In these respects, the first view of the matter is far from cheering. For the tendency to scrofula and consumption is hereditary; more than half the sufferers from this cause have it as an heir-loom from their parents. And while the bad blood already existing seems thus secure of being continued from generation to generation, abundant causes are at work constantly adding to the stream. The chief of these is want of air and exercise: this is a more fertile source of consumptive maladies than all other causes put together; even bad food is only secondary compared with it. *A sedentary life, whether of industry or of indolence, is the prime hatcher of tubercular*

disease. These are serious facts; for employments of the sedentary class are inevitably on the increase; while the amusements and fashions, the characteristic vices and virtues—if we must so call them—of civilisation take the same cast. They rarely call forth, where they do not actually check, free and buoyant movements. Taking this tendency along with the hereditary nature of the disease, instead of a prospect of extinction, it would seem as if the stream of misery must become broader and broader; and it is growing broader, and will continue to do so, if left to itself as heretofore. While the deaths from all other diseases are in this country decidedly on the decrease, it is the conviction of Sir James Clark, that the deaths from consumption are on the increase; and without any doubt, the scrofulous taint is spreading, producing a general delicacy of health, corroding the stamina of men and women, and causing a degeneracy of the race!

But, courage! This is so only because we allow it. The causes are now known, and may be avoided or counteracted. Sedentary work is not in itself incompatible with the preservation of health. Secure a certain amount of free motion in the air several times a day, and it becomes innocuous; but observe, this free motion must be secured, not merely permitted. The truth is, civilised life is at the same time too artificial, and not artificial enough. We have interfered with nature, and arranged labour as she does not prompt; and in doing so, have left out the bodily exercise that attends it when pursued in nature's way. Let us be consistent in our artificialness, and systematise play as well as work; art will thus become nature again—an improved nature. As to the bad blood already in the world, if those who ought would pause before entailing certain misery on posterity, and the rest would use the means available for the renovation of their own and their children's constitutions, we are assured that in three generations the plague might be extirpated from the earth.

Will this ever be realised? Granted that it is possible, will men ever be induced to use the means? Perhaps they may, when the laws of health shall be taught as universally as the catechism. For the agitation of this subject, we could almost wish for a new sect or religion, whose leading tenet should be, that man's body is to be revered and cherished as well as his soul, and in which high health should be a cardinal virtue, and 'rosy gills' entitle a man to the highest seat in the synagogue. The worship of Health would, at all events, be a more genial superstition than the worship of Mammon.

MORE LIFE IN TURKEY.*

ASIA MINOR has been in many respects so lavishly gifted by nature, that strangers passing through the country, enchanted by the beautiful scenery, and excited by the clear air and sunny skies, feel inclined to believe they have found an earthly paradise. A longer residence might perhaps dispel this delusion; but the climate is indeed delightful; and although the mid-day heat in summer is far too great for outdoor exercise, the mornings and evenings are delicious, and a plentiful dew refreshes the parched vegetation. The cold in winter is extreme, which braces the enervated frame. The houses are so badly built, that the inhabitants suffer much in the cold months; for instance, the panes of glass are let into the frames by a groove, without a morsel of putty—thus forming a complete trap for draughts, besides playing a most noisy accompaniment to conversation in a storm. Then, the basement story of a country-house has seldom any side-walls: the upper stories are raised on pillars, so the wind sweeps through perfectly unchecked; and the flooring-planks

* See Life in Turkey, No. 69.

are so carelessly laid down, that, looking through your parlour-floor, you see the servants killing and plucking fowls for to-morrow's dinner, with other agreeable sights; and if you try to lay down a carpet, it balloons up, till walking over it becomes quite a work of difficulty. These minor evils, however, could be easily removed by a very little trouble; and house-rent is not high, though it is the dearest item in expenditure here. The constant fires make property so unsafe, that, in towns, the builder, calculating that his house will not last more than six years, charges you for rent a sixth portion of the original cost. As the houses are chiefly built of wood and plaster, they are not very expensive. We paid £30 a month for our house and bath; but then the proprietor was accustomed to make money by the bath-house, which source of profit was lost to him during our residence, and added consequently to the rent; and we had large outbuildings and stabling—in a very ruinous and dilapidated condition certainly, but still they were there.

The great evils for residents to struggle against, are the country fevers—some of a very bad kind, but the most usual one the common intermittent fever and ague, which is not dangerous, but weakens much, and is difficult to be shaken off, even after returning to England. High and low, young and old, are all equally affected by this curse of the country. When you go into the bazaars, you see a great bundle of cloaks heaving in a corner, and are told that so and so has just got the cold fit on: you turn round, and see a poor trader, with flushed cheeks and trembling fingers, languidly collecting his goods—his cold fit is just over; and he is going home, with parched lips and burning brow, to toss through the next few weary hours of fever. The natives yield unresistingly to the attacks of their enemy, and look upon every other day as sacrificed to it without hope of redemption: they know it will disappear with the season that brings it, and scarcely make an effort to stay its violence. Every one you meet has, of course, a different idea as to what gives you fever: if you eat peaches, and go out in the sun, you are sure to get it; if you drink cold water before walking, you are equally certain of a fit; if you venture to touch *caimac*—a delicious preparation of half-boiled cream, made into cakes a little thicker than pancakes—there is no hope for you. Many kinds of fruits are looked upon as 'lumps of fever.' If you venture out when the dew is falling, you deserve to be laid up. This last rule really seems to have some truth in it. Sulphate of quinine is an unfailing specific for common ague, and we used to keep it mixed with acid, in quart-bottles, for all who chose to apply for it; but it is an expensive medicine, quite out of the reach of poor people; and really when you see them feeding entirely on unripe fruit, or sleeping in the open air in a perfect steam-bath of dew, you only wonder they do not all die, instead of being only unwell. The eldest child of a Greek, who acted as a sort of porter at our gate, was a perfect martyr to fever. She was a very pretty little girl; and we promised to try to cure her with quinine, on condition she attended to some rules of diet during the process, as the children were all constantly eating raw cucumbers, pumpkins, and other such unwholesome viands. For some days, everything went on well; but one morning I saw her in the court, presiding at a feast of green pomegranates, and instantly ran out, saying: 'Ah! naughty Ghullanie!'—a name equivalent to our Rose—you know you were forbidden to eat fruit till you were well.' This being duly translated to her, the little lady, aged about ten, rose up, and with singular grace and dignity informed me, in the liquid tones of her beautiful Greek, 'That she would not eat fruit after having been forbidden to do so, but every one knew that pomegranates were not included in that category; and, in fact, the lining membrane of green ones

especially was known to everybody as an excellent thing for fever.' Certainly people here do eat pomegranates in every stage of fever, and the inside skin being very bitter, may have some good effects; but I wonder what English girl of that age would have been able to defend herself in such a manner. The children, from being constantly at liberty, and not confined to a nursery like ours, are all precocious. They are generally pretty, and look so funny dressed up in their miniature turbans and trains, that I always expected them to begin acting some charade or play. Both sexes are dressed exactly alike while they are juvenile.

We went one day to visit the pacha's wife; and her son, a boy about twelve, left the room at once, with an absurd assumption of manliness, pretending not to see his mother's visitors. He was habited, as his father might have been, in a fez cap, and a dark badly-fitting surcoat of English cloth, with a leather belt. All Turks in government employment must wear this dress, which looks mean and paltry beside their own flowing native costume. The pacha's wife was a dignified, middle-aged woman, who had been handsome, and still possessed beautiful almond-shaped dark eyes. Her high-bred ease of manner would have done honour to any drawing-room, and completely distinguished her from the chattering crowd of slaves around. When asked if she was the only wife, she replied in a very stately manner: 'Yes, my husband and myself have always been sufficient to each other.' I am sure she was a very superior woman, and her husband was a wise man. The house was in great confusion; many curious-looking rounded hair-trunks, with iron bands, were lying about, ready packed, as the family were just moving down to Stamboul; and the husband, a man of progress, intended going on board a steamer, shortly expected on the coast. The women had never seen a steamer, and were much alarmed at the prospect, and much relieved to hear we should be there also, thinking our presence a kind of guarantee for their safety. We did afterwards meet the poor things on board—at least we saw some bundles of clothes stretched on the deck, lying quite motionless—till at length starting into life, the unfortunate creatures beneath, tortured by the attacks of an enemy there was no escape from, in paroxysms of despair hastily tore off the muslin bandages which had hitherto concealed their faces from the gaze of the unfaithful, and then, struck with horror at the profanity of the act they had been guilty of, sank back in a state of utter prostration, and were one by one summarily carried down stairs to the ladies' cabin, and delivered over to all the unknown miseries of sea-sickness.

There was a remarkably lovely child in the pacha's house, with the most purely blue eyes I ever saw; but the Turks do not admire blue eyes—indeed, are very much afraid of them, believing that their possessors have the power of casting the 'Evil Eye.' A friend of ours was one day standing watching some poor bullocks, yoked to a load of wood far too heavy for them to move. After several ineffectual attempts to make them stir, the driver turned to the Englishman, and in no measured terms begged him to go away instantly, as it was of course utterly impossible for the bullocks to move, when his blue eyes were transfixing them. If you admire a child in Turkey, you are supposed to have thrown the Evil Eye on it; and the nurse will most probably spit at you, to avert any evil consequences to her charge. The Turkish domestic servants are nearly all slaves, both black and white, and seem very comfortably off. No doubt, they are often tyrannised over, and sometimes harshly treated; but, on the whole, their chains appear to be as light as the chains of slavery can possibly be. Even after death, their identification with the family continues. When walking through the lovely cemeteries, you will see a square space railed off, containing perhaps a high headstone,

with a sculptured turban on the top, indicating the spot where sleeps the lord of a household; beside it, a peaked stone—perhaps two or three—with a rose on it, tells you a wife lies beneath; some smaller stones round will probably complete the family circle; and then adjoining will be a tiny piece of ground, also enclosed, with an inscription relating that here lies some faithful Mustapha, or Ibrahim, who had been in the family fifty or sixty years, and was laid in death, as he had lived, close to the master he had served so well.

The peasants here have a great dread of being drawn in the conscription for the army. One day, when we were visiting the consul's wife, in rushed a poor woman in a dreadful state of agitation, followed by a group of sympathising friends, and dragging along her unfortunate son, a puny sickly lad, who had just been drawn for a soldier. He looked about fourteen, and seemed quite scared and totally unmanned by the fearful prospect opening before him. The weeping mother frantically implored the great lady to take her son into service in any capacity—the servants of British subjects are exempt from the conscription—vehemently lamenting her hard fate, and pointing by turns to the youth of her son, his great delicacy, his want of height, and above all, to a slight deformity in one of his fingers; any of which reasons ought, in her opinion, to be sufficient to prevent his going to the wars. All the women chimed in in chorus; while the young candidate for martial honours stood behind, sobbing piteously, and certainly looking a most unfit subject to aid in upholding the glory and honour of the Ottoman Empire. It really seemed a hard case: he was his mother's only son; and after some consideration, her heart was set at rest by seeing him appointed to some nominal post about the children, where I often afterwards saw him looking very happy. The soldiers are generally small, dark-complexioned, wretchedly poor creatures, from the interior—very different from the stately Turk of the capital. They have a simple, good-natured look, which is very pleasing. I always heard them spoken of as having good stuff in them, though the attempt to dress them in a sort of European uniform makes them feel uncomfortable, and look ridiculous.

On going into the town one day, we went, as usual, to leave our horses at a very decent sort of hotel—as things go here—kept by an Armenian and his wife. They had a pretty daughter, whose round good-tempered face had often attracted our attention; and as by this time we were looked upon quite as old residents in the country, and friends of the house, we were taken into consultation on the subject of a proposal which had just been received for the young lady from a Frank visitor—I believe Italian—who, attracted solely by her rosy cheeks and dark eyes—for he could not speak a word of any language intelligible to her—wished to transplant her to his own home. The mother explained the whole affair to us most volubly, and the daughter listened with frightened looks, and seemed altogether more alarmed than flattered at the honour done her by the Frank. The elder woman seemed to have settled the matter in the most sensible possible manner—quite provokingly so to my ideas. She informed the dismayed and eager suitor, that, 'many foreigners coming here, take a fancy to our daughters, and wish to have them for wives; but then they go away, and forget their promised brides. Go back, then, stranger, to your own country, and remain there a year: at the end of that time, if you have not altered your way of thinking, return here, and I will gladly give you my daughter.' After such a speech, there was nothing to be added or suggested by us; and in a few moments both mother and daughter were deep in the discussion of a Turkish dress, which I wanted to have made, and appeared far more interested

in the details of colours and trimming, than in the consideration of the poor unbeliever's offer of marriage. The only thing that puzzled me was the fact, that in this country, where one hears so much about the subjugation of women, no one seemed to think of referring to the paternal parent for his opinion. The mother held forth to her friends, and discussed minutely her own ideas on the subject, without paying the smallest attention to the melancholy, and decidedly henpecked man, who was quietly pursuing his daily avocations in the house. Certainly, the ordinary class of Franks in this country are calculated to give the natives but a poor idea of European society: they are usually the very refuse of Southern Europe—men who, from bad conduct, or some unfortunate circumstances, find the home-circle closed against them, and come out here to pick up a living as they best can. From the talented members of this class springs up that witty, wicked, and dangerous man called a *chevalier d'industrie*.

We fell in with a brilliant specimen of this genus, who made his début at the before-mentioned hotel, where he led a rollicking, pleasant enough sort of life. I scarcely know how we first became acquainted with M. Achille: people are not particular with regard to introductions so far from home; and he was perfect in the art of suiting himself to his company. He spoke both French and Italian so well, that I knew not which country claimed him for her son. He sang exquisitely; and possessed a power of sketching I have never seen equalled: any blank piece of paper that fell in his way, the backs of letters, the fly-leaves of books, were instantly covered with fanciful designs, ruined mosques, and Moorish palaces. I still possess many of these specimens, all finished with a delicacy and rapidity that appeared to my inexperienced eyes quite miraculous. He soon made himself notorious by his furious and reckless riding through the crowded bazaars. We afterwards heard, that when pressed for the payment of some silver-mounted pistols, scimitars, and other fancy articles he had selected, he pointed a bright stiletto at the startled trader, and replied: 'That's the only payment you'll get from me!' He succeeded in borrowing L.10 from my father, and gave him, at the same time, a little gold-headed cane, which he said 'his honour was pledged to redeem at all hazards, as it was engraved with the arms of his family.' I need not say the family-arms are still in the possession of strangers. It is pleasant, however, to find that the Turks have learned to distinguish between the English Franks and others, and I have felt a thrill of national pride at hearing, 'On the word of an Englishman!' used almost as a solemn oath in their bazaars. The children of Englishmen who have married Armenian or Greek wives, are very interesting specimens of humanity. They are generally pretty, and very quick and intelligent. Indeed, to English people, they appear remarkably clever, from the extraordinary number of languages they can all speak. Their nurses are chiefly Greek, and they, of course, talk to their nurslings in their own beautiful language; daily intercourse with the natives around, instructs them in Turkish; the father speaks to them in English, and the mother probably in Armenian; every visitor teaches them French, and Italian is learned as easily: so that by the time our children at home begin going to school, these little things are conversationally perfect in five or six different languages, and have thus already mastered a great deal of that knowledge our school-children toil so painfully after, and so seldom attain. Another characteristic of this class that struck us, was the wonderfully large appetite they are generally blessed with; fortunately, the necessities of life are cheap out here, or the housekeeping-bills would be something frightful. I used to sit in silent amazement, watching the celerity with which immense

piles of food disappeared down the throats of pretty piquant girls, who had certainly never been taught to be ashamed of the act of eating. We were much amused once by the naïve speech of a young lady who was dining with us. There were two dishes of meat on the table; and when asked which she would prefer, she replied, looking alternately at each: 'I'll take some of both, if you please, sir.'

Some of these families have passed through most stirring and exciting scenes. I am sure their histories would open thrilling pages of romance to the reader. I remember two girls once giving me a description of a morning of alarm they had spent some time before, near Constantinople. It was a time of great tumult; the town was almost in a state of siege; and bands of lawless Albanian soldiers were wandering about, recklessly plundering whatever they could lay their hands on. The street where these girls lived was almost deserted; the inhabitants had fled, shutting up their houses—they had no servants—the mother was very ill, confined to bed; the father was compelled to go out, leaving these two girls, with two or three little children, alone in the house. He directed them to keep perfectly quiet, shut all doors and windows, and by that means strive as much as possible to escape observation. The immediate neighbourhood was quiet, but the distant sounds of riot sometimes reached them; and their suspense becoming at last intolerable, they went to the top of the house, to discover if possible what was going on. The death-like silence of the street was for some time unbroken; but at length one of the much-dreaded Albanians appeared. The sisters watched with breathless anxiety, and saw him trying the different doors, till, finding one close to them that yielded to his hand, he entered; and in a few moments, what was their horror and despair to see him come out of a window on the top of the house, and walk along the parapet, apparently looking in at each window in succession, as if to see which promised the best prospect of plunder. It was a fearful moment, but Providence shielded these defenceless children from harm, for the fierce Albanian passed the window behind which the frightened girls were cowering, without looking in.

OUR HOLIDAY.

THERE are thirteen of us altogether, and I am the eldest. Of course, I don't count papa and mamma, nor our old nurse Hopkins, that brought mamma up from a little baby. Altogether, including these, we are sixteen, and Mary makes seventeen. I have always had a great deal to do with the children, for, as I said, they are all younger than I am: although there is only one year between my brother John and me, there are thirteen between me and baby. There is so much to be done in a large family, and mamma is never very strong; besides, there are always some of us ill, although papa is a medical man, which is fortunate, or I don't know what the doctor's bill would cost. I don't think, considering other girls' houses, that we live in a nice place. It seems to be growing smaller every year; and we are now obliged to turn the front-kitchen into a nursery, and keep the blind down all day, which makes it dreadfully dull; and I am sure it's as much as ever Hopkins and I can do, to keep the little ones away from the oven, which they want to make into a doll's house, now the fires are left off. Besides, Mary is obliged to make her bed up every night in the surgery, which she couldn't bear at first, because she was so frightened. I am sure she used to think papa kept subjects in the drawers and bottles;

but she only owned to being afraid of what she calls 'the combustibles' blowing up in the night. It's rather awkward, because of papa's having to go in sometimes two or three times in the night; but unless we put her under the dresser, I don't know what we could do.

We have a piece of garden behind, which does for hanging clothes in, and for the children; but as it's no use trying for flowers, we keep fowls. Mamma did try to grow a little parsley and some herbs, but it was never any good. I don't much think anything would grow here, it is so closely built; there are such numbers of small streets and courts, and in summer the air is so hot and close—'stybaky,' Mary calls it.

We should soon get into a better house, only that papa is obliged to live in his district. He has so much a year paid him by the guardians for attending the poor; besides, he is just in the centre of his work, and can pop in and out every now and then, to see if he has been sent for. I am sure he is hard worked: it's a great deal worse since he got the parish, for he never sleeps a night in his bed, particularly in cholera; but I think it's more babies now. It's quite shameful the way some of the patients ring him up all for nothing, just as if he was a policeman, and didn't want sleep. There was last year, he'd been up seven nights running; and at last when he came in, he usen't to go up stairs at all, but lie down in his clothes on the mat at the street-door, ready for the next ring. Of course, I don't mean to say it is always like that. Sometimes every one is quite well, and then we are so happy—papa only pays friendly visits, and often takes one of us with him, or else he stays at home, and does something about the house: one of these times, John and he built the fowl-house at the end of the garden.

Some years ago, before there were nearly so many of us, we used to have a holiday every year. I don't mean we children, for of course, in vacation, we had plenty, but every one of us. Papa used to make a day, and we then went altogether into the country, and enjoyed ourselves in the fields. It was generally on his birthday, which is fortunately in June, when the haymaking is, and the roses are in the hedges. John used to say he wished it was blackberry-time instead; but I thought—for I was only a child then—that there was no fun so good as getting into a hayfield, and making papa lie down, and burying him in the sweet beautiful hay. We could not go always exactly on his birthday, because we often had to put it off, but as near it as possible. We used to think more of it a great deal than Christmas; and I am sure we used to talk about where we should go, and what we should do, for a whole year.

The last place we went to before this one that I am going to tell about, was down to the Forest, five years ago; and weren't we happy! We had a carriage and two horses; and papa drove, with John and Willie outside; and then there was mamma, and Aunt Jane, and Ann—it was before Mary came, and we left nurse at home, because she is so careful—and three of us, besides baby, inside. Papa thought we could all have gone; but when he came to put in the baskets, he soon found out his mistake; so three of us, and the biggest hamper, had to go down in a cab; and we had such fun all the way down, seeing which should get first, for Uncle James was outside, and he was so merry. I am sure I never was so happy in all my life, and so they all said.

We dined on the grass, under low trees that met overhead, with the roses and honeysuckles all twisting up them, and the birds singing—just like fairy-land; and we all helped to lay the cloth, and John and Willie ran down to the public-house for water and beer. I don't know what we should have done, only for Aunt Jane—for what do you think? We had forgotten the

salt; but when we were in such a way, she opened her bag, and took out a packet. Wasn't it thoughtful? Uncle James quizzed her about being an old maid; but she said she never went out for a holiday without salt, pins, needles, and thread; and sure enough, we wanted them all before long. After dinner, we had the cold punch that papa makes out of a book, and we all drank his health, even baby; for Uncle James would make him have some too, though he coughed dreadfully; and then papa got up, and made such a funny speech, in which he called us 'ladies and gentlemen;' and I really thought that stupid Ann would have died laughing. Then—just as if everything had determined we were to be happy—when he had finished, and the boys were hurrahing, up comes a man with a hurdy-gurdy. Nothing would serve Uncle James but we must have a dance: papa said the punch had got into his toes, and so I think it had into all our toes, for we had such a dance! Even mamma stood up, and Ann and baby went off as partners a little way down. Then we had donkeys; and it was such fun to see Uncle James and papa, with their legs almost touching the ground, riding a race; but papa's donkey won. Then we went into the fields, and had a tumble in the hay, and picked such a nosegay; and we dressed Uncle James's and papa's hats with flowers. Then we met some gipsies, and papa made mamma have her fortune told, but—it just shews! They thought Uncle James was mamma's husband; and they told papa he should marry a beautiful lady, and have two little children, and drive in a coach-and-four. Such stuff! Ann was not with us, for we left her and baby, and Poppy and Dolly, with the baskets; but I know some of them had been telling her nonsense, for she asked me next day to explain the planets to her. Then we had tea and water-cresses at the little inn: they gave two of us tea for the price of one, but I don't think that was very clever considering the boys. We had a great big basket of cherries too, and three baskets of strawberries, besides the cake that poor nurse had made the day before; and after tea, we went out into the field, at the back of the house, and if you only saw papa and Uncle James playing at football! We were obliged to start early, on account of the children; but just as papa had gone to see the horses got ready, up came a pedler with a basket of all sorts of things; and what did dear, kind Uncle James do, but buy us a present, every one of us! Mine was a lovely white ivory needle-case, with 'Remember, Love, Remember' round it in red letters; and I have got it now in my work-box. At last, we all got off again; but I was so tired, that I fell fast asleep, and did not wake till we stopped at our own door, which I was so vexed at, as I wanted to enjoy the ride through the streets, all full of people, and lighted up.

We talked of this holiday ever so long: if we wanted to remember when anything happened, we used to say, 'that was before,' or 'that was after Our Holiday;' and if the little ones were naughty, we told them that they shouldn't come to the Forest next year. When spring came, and the wall-flowers and primroses were being sold in the streets, we used to say: 'The trees are all coming out now; June will soon be here.' But when June came, just fancy! there was another baby ready to go with us—a funny, fat little thing, with blue eyes like a kitten's; and we talked to her, and said: 'Baby has never had a holiday yet in this world; baby shall go and see the trees, and flowers, and grass, and gipsies, and donkeys.' Of course, I knew this was all nonsense; but one always does talk stuff to those little mites, because they can't understand sense.

Well, all that summer after, poor mamma was so ill that she could scarcely go about the house, much less for a long day into the country; so we had to give up Our Holiday for that year, although

we scarcely believed we shouldn't go, and went on hoping until the snow fell.

The next year, we thought we were all right, and it was such lovely weather; and baby began to feel her feet, just as if she wanted to be off, when a great trouble happened to us. Papa had been out attending a case of scarlet fever; and just as he came in, and was going to change his coat, as he always does before he comes near us, Bibbs—that's the old baby—set up such a screaming, that he ran to see what was the matter, and so brought the infection among us; and first one, then the other, at last every one of us, caught the fever—and I'm sure it took six months to go through us all—you see, there are so many; and by that time there were two more, because that was when the twins were born.

Well, when the third year came, we thought the charm must be broken, and that we certainly should not be disappointed again. Indeed, we were very near going, for the day was fixed twice; but that didn't do a bit of good, for poor papa had just got the parish, and I think all the people in it wanted to try the new doctor, so he couldn't leave. He wanted us to go without him. The idea! I'm sure if we never had gone till we were a hundred, we wouldn't have stirred without him: besides, his going was all the pleasure. At last, we began to forget all about it, at least the little ones did; and Bibbs and baby, and the twins and Petsy—that was the other baby—never did know anything about it; but sometimes, when John, and Willie, and I used to see the schools going off in vans, early in the summer-mornings, and hear them hurrahing as they drove past in the dusk, waving green branches they had brought home from the Forest, we used to say: 'When ever will Our Holiday come?'

It was one Sunday last June, after dinner, when papa said: 'Mamma, what day will the twenty-eighth fall on?' Every one of us cried out 'Thursday,' for we had been talking about it ever so long, because it was to be his birthday. 'Well,' said papa, 'I do really think we can have Our Holiday at last: if I can only get Mrs Brown off my list, we can go comfortably.' Oh, if you only heard what a noise those boys set up! cheering as if it was a royal family going by—particularly Jimmy; but poor papa couldn't be angry. 'Now,' said he, 'I have thought about it a good deal, though I was afraid to say a word, for fear of another disappointment; and I tell you what—you shall choose yourselves where we shall go. Every one shall have a vote; and whichever place has the most votes, we shall go to.' Then there was a noise, all talking together: some calling out the Forest, and some Gravesend, and some Hampton Court; and Bibbs—but of course he didn't know any better—shouting out Africa! We had quite fun about the votes, and couldn't make up our minds for such a time. Willie did all he could to make the twins and Petsy give him their vote for Chatham, because of the dockyards, where they build the ships; but as mamma kept these herself, and we were all against him, he had no chance—it was not likely. It lay between the Forest and Hampton Court; but at last we settled it should be the dear old Forest again: no place could be better than that. We were so overjoyed, that we could scarcely sleep, for it was only ten days off; and when I went to get Jimmy up in the morning, I found him singing and dancing about the room, like a wild Indian, in his night-gown.

I am sure poor nurse, and Mary, and mamma, heard enough about it: indeed, nurse got quite put out at last, and said she wished papa had kept his own counsel, and not told us a word about it before the time. The children were all day at the end of the passage before the weather-glass, seeing if it would be fine weather, although it was so long off; and watching the sky, as if we were just going to start. As for

But all that is no use; our month is here now, and I shouldn't much wonder if we were to go for Our Holiday yet, though not quite so merrily, and sit under the trees, and talk of our friends that are away.

SERVICE AND SLAVERY.

We are about to glance at two institutions—that of service and that of slavery. Into the social and political relations of these we have no intention of entering into; we would simply select a few striking instances of the effect of the two institutions on individuals; and we begin with a couple of anecdotes, in which the system to which each relates is carried to extreme. The one seldom presents any striking feature that is not absurd or provoking, and very rarely brings out the comedy or tragedy of our nature, as is so commonly the lot of its graver and more terrible compeer.

The following instance of the effect of our system with regard to our servants is perfectly authentic:—Many years ago, a Duke of Marlborough wanted a tutor for his sons, who was required to be a clergyman, and who would, nevertheless, condescend to dine at the second table. Now, however honourable the company of my lord duke's valet and house-steward, and my lady the duchess's housekeeper and lady's-maid may be in their own eyes, it was not very easy to find an ordained clergyman who would consent to form one of the party, even with the allurements of a table quite equal to that of the duke himself. However, the duke did not choose to have the restraint of a clergyman at his own dinner; it was inconvenient to give the tutor his meal by himself; and the duke insisted upon his point. At last a young man just ordained, sprung from humble origin, who had taken honours at Oxford, but who had been a servitor there, consented to the conditions. For three years, N— passed his ordinary life with the upper menials; but his behaviour was exemplary, his manners those of a gentleman, and the duke ended by having him for a part of the day in his own apartments, besides those which he spent with the children. Here he saw much of a young lady, a near relative of the family. N— was strikingly handsome, and the young lady fell in love with him. N— prudently, as well as properly, refused to take advantage of his conquest, and behaved so well in the matter, that the duke was more than pleased—gave the young curate his patronage; and building on this foundation, with the assistance of very excellent talents, N— ultimately became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Before finally reaching this dignity, however, and when he was still nothing higher than bishop of M—, the duke paid him a visit, and stayed to dinner. He had brought with him his valet, the quondam associate of their host, and who never ceased boasting that, in former times, he had dined for three years with an embryo bishop. Presently, the bishop's butler came to his master in great perplexity. The episcopal establishment at that time had but a single servants-table. The duke's valet was indignant beyond expression at the idea of sitting down to table with scullions and stable-boys. Dine on such terms, he would not; and the butler came to his master, to know what was to be done with him. The bishop paused, and then desired that the valet should be sent up. He shook his old messmate warmly by the hand, begged him to be seated, and entered into conversation about old times. At last he said, he had heard with great regret the difficulty about the dinner; that he had not forgotten how agreeably they had once dined together; and he would be delighted to see him, the valet, at his own table. However, he added, that as his master was going to be there too, it might be as well to mention the arrangement first to the duke, as it was just possible that he might object. The

valet was frightened almost out of his senses; implored the bishop not to say a word about the matter to his master; and declared that he was grieved that he had given any trouble—that he would dine anywhere, and at any time. The bishop, more proud of his ingenuity than careful of his new dignity, used often to tell this story with great unction.

It was this same Duke of Marlborough who once called for a particular wine, and was told by the butler that there was no more of it. The next day, the identical wine made its appearance on the servants-table. Some one observed to the domestic, that he had told the duke the day before that there was none left. 'No more there was,' said he—'none of *his* share. This is part of *my* share; and if he has been less careful than I have, that is his look-out. He is not going to have any of mine.'

The perquisite-system is at the bottom of all this. A servant extends his claim upon the property of his master, till the line of distinction becomes obliterated; his notions, never very clear, are confounded; and he commits robberies under an almost ludicrous impression of his own perfect honesty.

Apropos of the manner in which servants in certain positions provide themselves with the good things of this life—we remember hearing a late peer observe, that he believed many squires in Buckinghamshire had never seen such a dinner as Lord Grenville's servants sat down to every day of their lives. We could corroborate this to some extent from our own personal knowledge. To be sure, at times, Lord Grenville was a valetudinarian; never left his chamber; had in the house a succession of visitors—often three or four sets the same day—for each of whom a dinner was provided; so that the servants had an excuse for any extravagance.

The story of the great Russian statesman's cook is well known.

'Why do you rob me so?' asked the prince of his servant, as they were travelling confidentially in the same carriage.

'My prince,' replied the cook, taken aback only for the moment, 'I must have my pleasures. The fatigues of your service require recreation. I have imbibed from your princely presence rather expensive tastes. I should have no genius for composing a dish, unless I refreshed my faculties with a little music; and I always arrange a feast when my ideas are put in order by the motion of a comfortable carriage. What else can I do?'

'Let us understand one another,' said the prince. 'You are necessary to me, and I am necessary to you: neither can do without the other. Is there no means of arranging matters? I will give you any amount of wages you require.'

The cook hesitated, stammered, and at length burst into tears, and exclaimed: 'My prince, I would rather rob you!' It was the sublime of rascality!

But we are forgetting ourselves. We promised an illustration of the slave, and are losing ourselves in the servants-hall. Let us redeem our word.

The following incident happened in the United States not long ago. Some of the facts have, we believe, already appeared in an English periodical, but in a very incomplete state, and without the singular termination. The story, as we are about to tell it, is perfectly authentic. A young gentleman at Charlestown met in society a young lady of great beauty and singular accomplishments. He courted and married her, without inquiry as to her birth and connections, satisfied from her manners that she belonged to good society. After a union of some years, with somewhat more than the usual amount of matrimonial felicity, the husband received, one morning, the visit of a stranger. After a very ominous preliminary warning of the disagreeable nature of his errand, the stranger asked him if he had

ever inquired into the previous history of his wife. The gentleman naturally demurring to such a question from a man of whom he knew nothing, his visitor told him bluntly that the lady was *his slave*—that he possessed the documents necessary for the proof of his claim; but before producing them, he begged the gentleman to consult his wife, whose avowals would most probably save him the trouble. He added, that he was willing, under the circumstances, to compound his claim; and mentioned a sum which would have absorbed somewhat about one-half of the gentleman's fortune. The husband, in a state of great terror, rushed to his wife, who avowed the fact without hesitation, and added, that she was not only the stranger's slave, but his daughter. The husband forthwith repaired to the most eminent lawyer of the town—one, in fact, of the most eminent in the state—and detailed his case, saying, that the sum demanded for his wife would almost ruin him. Mr P— inquired into all the circumstances, and after some reflection, told him to tranquillise his mind—that he thought he saw his way out of the difficulty, and begged him to refer the stranger to him. He advised him simply to say that he, Mr P—, was instructed to settle the matter, and to pay the money. The gentleman, somewhat astonished, took his leave; and on his visitor's repeating his call, referred him to the lawyer, as he had been advised.

The lawyer required of the man the ordinary proofs of his proprietorship—expressed himself satisfied—produced the sum demanded, and took a full receipt, on which the fact of proprietorship was, of course, definitely stated. The stranger had already risen to take leave, when the lawyer begged him to reseat himself, and said that his turn had now come.

'The sum,' said he, 'is a large one for a slave; but no doubt the peculiar accomplishments of the lady make it reasonable. You must,' he added, 'have expended considerable sums, as well as much trouble, in making her education so perfect?' The stranger nodded assent.

'Are you not aware,' continued Mr P—, 'that, by the laws of the state, you have rendered yourself liable to many pains and penalties by educating a slave at all, to say nothing of giving her the education as you have now boasted of? I hold in my hands your own acknowledgment of your proprietorship; the fact of the education is one of which the proof is in our power; and it is for you to consider whether you will expose yourself to the consequences.' The man, thoroughly frightened, not only resigned the money, but fairly made over the slave to her husband without consideration, on the promise that he should not be molested for his violation of the law.

Thus the great distinction between slavery and servitude is the immense individual difference between one slave and another, while servants, as a general rule, differ but little amongst themselves. Hence, while distinction acquired by slaves is a common occurrence, very few servants have ever risen far above their own rank. Dodsley the bookseller, it is true, could, from the musty recesses of his shop, boast that he had been Darteneuf's footman. Rousseau, in real life, and Gil Blas, in that of fiction, rose by no very violent transition from the kitchen to the parlour. In the days of Lord Bute, when it was the fashion to caricature the Scotch, an adventurer of that nation would be represented at four stages of his career. In the first, he was on the great North Road, with his knapsack, rubbing himself against a milestone; in the next, he was in a gorgeous livery, standing behind the chair of my lord the minister; in the third, he was my lord's confidential agent, closeted with him on business evidently of the highest importance; in the fourth, he had become minister in his own person, with a double of his former self standing behind his chair. All this

is very well in caricature. But in reality, as we have said, the one or two examples we have cited form almost the only instances among the countless host of domestic servants. But of slaves, on the other hand, from Eliezer of Damascus and Joseph, down to the pachas of three tails and guardians of the seraglio of Oriental history, how many hundreds have played a conspicuous part in the annals of their several countries—how many have been authors, administrators, conquerors, despots, the scourges or the ornaments of their race! In fact, the Eastern organisation cannot exist without a slave in a commanding and dignified position. The slave of the Greek and Roman—member as he was of the family—ministered to the body, not to the mind, of the master: a distinction all-important when it is recollected, that in the East the slave is the mental assistant of the prince himself. Add to this the necessities of the harem, and there is little to wonder at in the magnificent developments of Oriental slavery.

The characteristic of the ancient and Oriental slavery, as distinguished from the slavery of the middle ages, is that the first involved personal service, while the latter was mainly confined to out-of-door work. One of the most important causes of the differences between ancient and modern society is to be found here. Gibbon remarks, that the meanest freeman would not have undertaken for Augustus or Trajan those posts of personal service which are eagerly courted by the proudest nobles of Britain. It is true that the first we hear of the classical monarchs, would lead us to suppose that they wanted little of personal service of any kind. These doughty heroes, when they wanted their dinners, took their swords in their hands, killed, flayed, roasted, and ate. The whole process is summed up in a couple of Homeric lines. They took great care of their stomachs notwithstanding, for it appears that the siege of Troy was indefinitely protracted, like that of Sebastopol, by the requirements of the commissariat. In the same way, although the list of Abraham's servants is so large that one wonders what he could have done with them in days when there were no houses and little tillage, when the slaves of the patriarch must have spent their time lounging in the sun, and listening to Oriental tales, we yet find their mistress dressing the dinner for the guests of her lord, and almost waiting upon them herself. But the slave was too ready an instrument for the indolent master for all this to last long. In process of time, every function about the person of the master was performed by the slave, while, to make the contrast with the middle ages yet more striking, the master held his own plough, accompanied by his wife. The system was carried out to its full extent, even in the wealthiest times of Roman history—the lands were cultivated by the farmer, with little or no assistance from the slave—while the slave filled the offices of the household, from the highest to the lowest: he was the tutor of the son, the steward of the expenditure, made his master's speeches, read Greek plays to him, played the lute and the lyre, was elegant in his dress, accomplished in his manners, and shared in all the luxuries and pleasures of his patron.

A jolly time they seem to have had of it, those Roman slaves. Each had his separate apartment—their amusements were regularly organised—they had their master of the revels—their stated times of entertainment—and it could not be supposed that a body who counted in their own numbers all the professors of amusement, could fail of amusing themselves, any more than that with all the cooks belonging to them, they could fail of a good supper. It is true that every now and then they met with a bad master, who threw them into his fishponds, to see how carp would fatten upon slave-flesh; but the punishment and the hubbub which followed the action is a proof of its rarity.

On the other hand, the following story is a curious

proof of the early period in which free menials were employed in noble houses amongst the Germanic races. It occurs in the old Norman poetic life of Duke Robert, the Rollo of that Norman history, known as the *Roman de Rou*, and published at Rouen some years ago. The duke misses some plate from his feasts; suspicion falls upon a certain knight, who is watched, and detected in the fact. The kind-hearted duke objects to taking extreme measures. 'No doubt,' says he to his attendants, 'the knight is poor. Very probably, he owes wages to his servants, and has left the plate with them in pledge. We shall get it again when the pledge is redeemed.' The servants of the duke are directed to make inquiries, and they find, as he had anticipated, that the spoons are in the possession of the knight's attendants. Thereupon, Duke Robert summons the knight to a private conference; tells him that he is come to ask his advice; that one of his servants—'whom I would have trusted,' he says, 'almost as surely as myself'—had been purloining his goods; and begs his advice as to the most Christian mode of acting under such circumstances. The knight blushes, and stammers out an excuse for offering advice to so wise a man as the duke; whereupon the duke claps him on the shoulder, tells him that he much regrets to find him so poor a man, and that his servants have been satisfied from his private purse to the full amount of their wages. The knight, as bound in all justice, especially poetic, becomes the most faithful amongst the many faithful servitors of 'Duke Rou.'

Certainly, the ideas of chivalry, like those of the East, are not only very unbusiness-like, but involve a very lax system of social morality. The offence of the knight would be quite forgotten in the generosity of the duke; and the petty pilferer, by attaching his name to a good story, becomes a hero. We may remark, as an etymological fact, that the word 'gages,' used from this early time to the present for 'wages,' is a proof that the custom of leaving pledges for their pay in servants' hands was a very general one, even if that were not implied in the readiness of the direction taken by Rollo's suspicions. Thus, the attendants were not only free, but looked sharply after themselves. The consequences of this to western society can scarcely be overestimated. It is evident, from the very nature of things, that it is far more easy to emancipate slaves who are exclusively employed in tilling the ground, than those who are employed in domestic services about the person. The one involves gradual abolition: the labourer may work partly for himself and partly for his master; but it is not easy for a domestic to be half a slave and half not; hence the quiet abolition of the serfage of the feudal system, while domestic slavery has never yet been got rid of, except by such violent convulsions as those which destroyed the Roman empire. Again, the one involves the membership of the slave with the family, with its attendant social consequences; in the other, the slave has nothing to do with the family. More than this, the modern system permits menial offices to be performed without the same degradation. This is not only seen in such exceptional cases as offices about royal personages, but in many other phases of modern society, especially in the institutions of education. The servitors of Oxford, who for so many centuries performed menial offices in hall, form by no means the strongest instances. The Spanish students—as shewn in the comedies of Calderon, and more especially of Cervantes—when they are short of money, have no scruple whatever in hiring themselves to wait on their more fortunate fellows. In one of the plays of the latter, a master and his servant betake themselves together to the university; both study alike; both, as far as discipline and education are concerned, are on terms of perfect equality; and yet the one retains his position of servant to the other—making his bed, bringing his dinner, and doing many

other offices which would make the hair of a modern footman stand on end.

There is no doubt, that what we most admire in every other portion of society—independence—produces precisely the qualities in the menial, both towards his master and other people, which we most dislike; and that his dependence, as it is more or less perfect, binds him more or less to the interests of his master, and makes him more or less endurable by other people. Independence is, by its very nature, mutual; the independence of the servant in his position begets that of the master in his own; and the servant, aware that his master can supply his place at any time, and would care little about his loss, has recourse to the servility so often objected to English servants. On the other hand, not fully certain of his own position—not, like the slave, fixed either in his social position, or in his position as one of the family—he endeavours to maintain the consequence which he knows will be questioned, by insolence and bravado to all of equal or little superior rank. The knot of servants who, when their masters were at the House of Lords, held their club at the ale-house, and while there, were the Duke of A—, the Earl of B—, and the Bishop of C—, would be likely to take their station behind the carriage with no very settled notions of themselves. There is nothing in any rank of life for producing an offensive manner like an undecided position in society—the holder always assumes airs to which he knows he has no right, lest people should dispute those to which he thinks himself entitled.

We remember a baronet of high rank purchasing a large old folio at a second-hand bookseller's. The bookseller offered, of course, to send it. 'No,' said his customer, 'I shall carry it; but,' pointing to his servant, who stood at a little distance, 'he wouldn't.'

From all this, the slave is entirely free. His position is irremediably fixed—he is not excited to quality-airs by forming a false estimate of his position, nor tempted to arrogance by the possibility of assuming it. If there is a fixed position in existence, it is his own. In return, he is one of the family—we are speaking, be it understood, rather of the ancient and the Oriental, than of the negro slavery—shares in its vicissitudes; is irrecoverably mixed up in its fortunes; interests himself accordingly; and is treated with severity or kindness as it may be, but with that sort of severity or kindness which a man uses towards his familiars. In fact, familiarity, in its original sense, is 'one of the family'; and familiarity is the distinguishing characteristic of the domestic slave.

This would lead us to the subject of negro slavery; but on that thorny question, we will content ourselves with a rough extract on what may be called its anti-quarian times, so far as Europeans are mixed up with it. In the travels through Europe of a Bohemian duke in 1465, described by two of his suite, and published a few years ago by a German literary society, the following curious notice appears. This duke, Leo von Rozmithal, visiting Portugal with strong recommendations to the king, was received by his majesty at Braga with great cordiality. The king, delighted with his visitor, begged to know what he could do for him. The duke had noticed a couple of black boys in the royal train, and emboldened by the offer, requested 'those two Ethiopians.' Upon this, the king's brother, who was standing by, burst out into a loud laugh at the idea of the duke's asking seriously such a trifle. The duke then begged that a monkey might be added to the gift, since black boys were held so lightly. Whereupon the prince laughed louder than before. 'It seems,' said the duke, 'that you must have a granary somewhere of monkeys and Ethiopians.' 'Why,' replied the prince, 'my brother has three towns in Africa, from which he makes constant expeditions, and never returns without a hundred thousand slaves. These

are all sold like cattle, people coming for that purpose from all quarters. The king derives his chief revenue from this source. Even the little ones fetch twelve or thirteen pieces of gold.'

The writer speaks of the sale of slaves as a thing not practised in his own country. He adds, in another place, describing Lisbon, that the women and children taken in their forays are distributed among the principal towns; where the municipalities are compelled to support them, until they are fit to be sold by the king's agents. The children of the slaves were, in like manner, according to the writer, supported by the towns until they were fit for work.

Such were the commencements of negro slavery. Little did the European then imagine the strange march of circumstances which would, at this day, invest the system he was then originating with so strange an interest, with a past so dreary, a present so anomalous and full of danger, and a future so difficult to divine.

ORIGIN OF THE IGNIS-FATUUS.

The water of the marsh is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day, bubbles of air were seen rising from it; and in the night, blue flames were seen shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected that there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked during the daytime the place where the latter rose up most abundantly, and repaired thither during the night: to my great joy, I actually observed bluish purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot, they retired, and I pursued them in vain. On another day, in the twilight, I went again to the place, where I awaited the approach of night: the flames became gradually visible, but redder than formerly, thus shewing that they burned also during the day. I used a narrow slip of paper, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing it take fire. The gas was evidently inflammable, and not a phosphorescent luminous one, as some have maintained. But how do these lights originate? After some reflection, I resolved to make the experiment of extinguishing them. I followed the flame: I brought it so far from the marsh, that probably the thread of connection, if I may so express myself, was broken, and it was extinguished. But scarcely a few minutes had elapsed when it was again renewed at its source—the air-bubbles—without my being able to observe any transition from the neighbouring flames, many of which were burning in the valley. On the following evening, I went to the spot, and kindled a fire, in order to have an opportunity of igniting the gas. As on the evening before, I first extinguished the flame, and then hastened with a torch to the spot from which the gas bubbled up, when instantaneously a kind of explosion was heard, and a red light was seen over eight or nine square feet of the marsh, which diminished to a small blue flame about two and a half or three feet in height, that continued to burn with an unsteady motion. It is, therefore, no longer doubtful, that the *ignis-fatuus* is caused by the evolution of inflammable gas from the marsh.—*Gallery of Nature.*

PRICE OF LAND AT MELBOURNE.

We think L.1000 or L.2000 per acre near London high, but here it fetches from L.4000 to L.6000! Houses are frequently pointed out to me in the outskirts as having recently been sold, with a garden, for L.10,000 or L.12,000, which in the finest suburbs of London would not fetch above L.2000. Little houses in the town, which in London, in good streets, would let for L.40 a year, here let for L.400. My brother has built two good houses near his own, which would not let in London for more than L.70 a year each, or L.150 together; he lets the two for L.1200. And there is a single house near, worth in London or its environs perhaps L.120 a year, for which the modest sum of L.2000 a year is asked!—a sum that would purchase it at home.—*Howitt's Land, Labour, and Gold.*

FLASHES THROUGH THE CLOUD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Foolish am I, and very sad, sometimes—
The sadness on the folly following fast!
So grief on glee, repentance upon crimes,
Darkness and shadows on the daylight past,
Are in attendance; so funeral chimes
Make bridal look aghast!

I know not whether of my head or heart
Cometh this fault—if fault it be—or if
Some morbid action, of the mind a part,
Dashes it to and fro, like some poor stiff
Upon a fitful sea: I have no art
To guide the wind-blown leaf.

When the short transport of exempted pain
Fills me with strange wild joy, as wine might do,
I cannot answer for the buoyant strain
Of merriment that pierces through and through
The echoing woods, whose loneliness in vain
Startles me with its hue.

Not solitude, nor silence, nor the thought
Of what must soon ensue—returning throes—
Can then by any reasoning be brought
To quell the ebullient stir that through me flows
Like leaping draughts of pleasure, which have caught
Hues of the sun and rose.

The flowers are mine, the dells in which they pasture;
The birds are mine; their voices, which I mock;
The happy insects—from them I am master,
As of the rushing brook and ivied rock;
Fast speeds the brook, the bird, the bee—but faster
Fond fancies round me flock!

Yet in my momentary glee of health,
A hymn—not frivolous, though its sounds are gay—
Soars up to Heaven, that thus from out its wealth
Hath deigned to scatter on my thorny way
A sunshine all my own; nor ta'en by stealth
From Earth's imperfect day.

Oh! should I call it folly, then, when I,
Released from inward pains, forget a while
That Time must bring them back? Should I deery
That buoyancy as sin, which gives a smile
To clear the hollow cheeks which agony
Too often doth defile?

No! let me deem it armour sent of God
To shield me 'gainst despair! We cannot wage
A holier war than that which strives the load
Of gloom to banish from our souls! No eagle
Can mar the linnet's songs: the longest road
Must have its fitting stage.

And so, 'twixt us and pain, and care, and all
Life's gloom (save Sin, whose ever-endless ring
Weds to immortal Wo!), Time's regal call
Shall place divorce. Oh, let us, therefore, bring
All innocent laughs to lighten up each hall
Where sickly sorrows cling!

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The object of this little Work is to suggest to Builders and Capitalists the advantage that might be gained, both in comfort and economy, by adopting in English towns the Scottish style of building, of which full descriptions are given, illustrated by numerous Plans.

MR LEITCH RITCHIE'S NEW WORK OF FICTION.

In reply to correspondents, we have to mention that considerations of convenience have induced us to postpone the appearance of the new novel, by the author of *Wearyfoot Common*, till the first week of January next.

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